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OLD WOMAN.

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MY new correspondent, Miss Ramble, introduces herself with so much easy familiarity, without doubt the effect of good-breeding, that I have no occasion to say a word in her favor, except that I shall be happy to hear from her again; a sufficient evidence of my opinion of her powers to please.

" *Brighton.*

" Dear Old Mobcap,

" While you have been probably spending your summer in prowling round your garden, or dandling your grandchildren, I have had the pleasure of being whirled over a great part of England, and of seeing the fashionable world at more than half a dozen watering-places. Cut off from such enjoyments yourself, I flatter myself you will be pleased with my description of what chiefly arrested my attention in the various places I have visited this summer; and even if you should read my communication with indifference yourself, I cannot doubt but you will judge it agreeable to your young readers, who have been shut up in boarding-schools, or tied to mammy's apron-strings.

"Immediately after the King's birth-day, I left London with a pleasant party of two ladies, besides myself, and two gentlemen; and, as it was then too early to proceed to the sea-coast, we resolved to see Cheltenham. I will not detain you with a description of that quizzical place Oxford, through which we passed in our way to the Spa. I like its outside well enough; but I could scarcely refrain from laughter at the strange formal creatures that were strutting about in black gowns and trencher caps. I found, however, that they affected to notice people belonging to the world; for several of them put a glass to their eye as we were passing, and seemed to contemplate us, and our equipage, with a kind of sullen delight. One of them, indeed, of whom we had some slight knowledge, followed us to the inn, and civilly enough offered his services to shew us the lions; but as we had engaged to be at Cheltenham by a particular time, we were obliged to decline his proposal, and satisfy ourselves with taking a walk along the principal streets, and a peep into two or three of the largest colleges.

"When we arrived at Cheltenham, which I had never seen before, I was astonished to find it filled with people of fashion, and to meet such a number of friends at a place where there were so few attractions, especially as they did not want to drink the waters, and might have had their choice of situation. This fashionable resort (for it really is fashionable!) consists of a long street of brick houses, with some side lanes and detached buildings of the same materials; but being situated in a level country, surrounded by hills at unequal distances, and the roads in every direction being miry or sandy, it has not a single charm, without or within, to recommend it to the devotees of pleasure. Not, indeed, that it is deficient in common amusements, such as balls, plays, &c. but these are independent of it as a place; and I only wondered that they should have been introduced

duced where there are so few local attractions. The Well-Walk, however, amidst rows of stately embowering elms, is a very fine thing of the kind; and I should be very glad to see it removed, were it possible, to the enchanting spot from which I date this letter. There was something laughable in the eagerness with which the drinkers pressed round the pump-woman at the Old Spa, lest they should be disappointed of a draught; and yet I was told that the New Well is equally as efficacious; but prejudice, my dear Old Woman! prejudice is in favor of old things, though they may not be half so good, as you must feel and know. We took a few rides and excursions from this place, but found them uniformly unpleasant, except in the direction of Dodeswell, a very picturesque village, enchantingly situated on the side of a sylvan hill, and overlooking the fine Vale of Gloucester. As for the city of that name, it has little to recommend it save the cathedral, a venerable pile, and the Severn, which flows near it. In regard to the amusements of Cheltenham, we participated in them without delight; and whether it was fancy, or reality, I know not; but we all agreed that the people who drank the waters smelt of sulphur, as if they had anointed themselves for the cure of a certain *scratching* and *catching* disorder. We found, however, some pleasant people; but all complained of a want of variety in their pastimes. Even donkies, fashionably 'yclept Jerusalem ponies, are by no means in general use here; though they never fail to divert both the rider and the spectator.

"Having seen all that was to be seen here, in less than ten days, we wished for change; and bidding adieu to our water-drinking friends at Cheltenham, we proceeded through Tewkesbury to Malvern. This is distinguished for its Holy Well, the water of which is as cold and pure as possible; and where drinking simple water, without any foreign mixture, is advisable or salutary, nothing is likely to answer

a better purpose than the spring at this place. The accommodations, however, are few. The Well-House, as it is called, where boarders are received, and a few lodging-houses in the village of Great Malvern, may be collectively able to accommodate sixty or seventy persons; and these are changing in endless succession, few having resolution to stay above a week or ten days; though the country is charming, and the Malvern Hills highly picturesque. Indeed, they approach the sublimity of the Welsh Mountains more than any in the midland counties. We were in raptures with the prospects on every side, and without a single amusement beyond riding and walking, for the place furnishes no other: we were not weary of being here till the *third* day after our arrival; a proof, my dear Granny, that we people of fashion can relish the beauties of nature as well as those who are born to no other enjoyment.

"Hearing that little Betty (pardon me, I should have said the Young Roscius) was to perform at Worcester for a few nights, we were anxious to secure places to see the dear fellow, though we had been satiated of him in London. It is astonishing to think how his fame had been spread, and with what eager curiosity persons of all ranks, for many miles round, were crowding to enjoy a sight of this public favorite, who is wisely making hay while the sun shines. On the stage at Worcester he appeared a star of the first magnitude: for, to speak the truth, when contrasted with the heroes and heroines associated with him in the drama, he left all competition at a distance. Indeed, when he was pouring out the effusions of the most rapturous love to a gawky woman, old enough to be his mother, and ugly enough to be his father, we could scarcely bear in mind that we were beholding tragedy, and felt the ridiculousness of his pretended passion. He acquitted himself, however, with great eclât; and received from crowded and respectable audiences, the applause due

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to his extraordinary scenic talents. As a boy actor, he is really wonderful. But it is not my business to characterize or criticize his performance; and I do not doubt, my old Lady, but you have put yourself in the way of a squeeze to see him yourself; as I cannot help thinking you reside in some of the allies in town, and now and then take a shilling ride in a hackney-coach, just to see what is passing in the streets, or in the world, as you would term it.

"Having visited the china manufactory at Worcester, and received great pleasure from the elegance of its productions, which are thought worthy of royal attention, as we saw a service of the greatest beauty and richness preparing for his Majesty, we proceeded to Birmingham, where, of course, fashion (except the fashion of toys and trinkets) is a name unknown. For tradesmen, however, we found the people here well enough; but if they could communicate a little more polish to themselves, and burnish their manners half as much as they do their buttons, they would appear to much more advantage than under present circumstances. Not but that they affect gentility; but the soil, the climate, the occupations, and associations, are all inimical to the graces.

"Passing through Lichfield, which we venerated as the birth-place of Johnson, the Great Bear of Literature, and of Garrick, the genuine Roscius of this country, we hastened on to Buxton.

"I will not describe to you the wonders of the Peak. You can read them in any tour. Few of them are worth the toil and trouble of looking at. Sterility has no charms for me; and holes, and caverns, and spars, and precipices, I leave for those to notice who think every thing that is useless, and out of the way, deserving of attention.

"Buxton is a poor, a very poor place; yet we found it not ill filled; and its waters are at once pleasant and salutary. The surrounding country is wild, the amusements are few; and those who bring

here neither acquired knowledge, nor possess the arts of conversation, might as well be banished to Botany Bay. In such situations, every person is reduced to his proper level; for at the public table, the usual style of living here, if we are incapable of entertaining others, we are sure not to be entertained or pleased ourselves.

"But I fear I have extended my present letter to too great a length. If you receive this with respect, I shall be happy to continue my observations on the other watering-places which I have visited during the season of migration from the metropolis.

"Yours,

"ROSA RHODIOLA RAMBLE."

TRIALS OCCASIONED BY AN IMPROPER EDUCATION:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF CHARLOTTE CLAYTON.

"Pride, when allow'd Dominion's powerful sway,
"Destroys the judgment, and leads sense astray."

THE truth of the poet's observation was never more completely exemplified, than in the mistaken ideas my parents unfortunately entertained, who vainly fancied that, by giving me a good education, I should make a conspicuous figure in life.

Among the number of imperfections discoverable in my character, vanity, I am inclined to believe, possesses but a small share; or the praises which my fond, but injudicious parents bestowed upon my person, even during childhood, must have been attended with prejudicial effects. My mother had borne seven children when I made my appearance in the world; and as they were all boys, each parent experienced a secret satisfaction at my being of the opposite sex; and an heir to a dukedom could not have been

been welcomed with greater transports by the authors of his life. An antipathy to inoculation on the part of my father, had been the means of his losing two of his sons; and those who had survived, carried about them the most convincing proofs of the ravages committed by the small-pox. The personal attractions which Nature had bestowed upon me, were the means of inducing my father to conquer an antipathy which he had long indulged; and I scarcely suffered a day's illness, so completely mild was the complaint. My beauty having been rescued from the ravages of this fatal enemy, became daily an object of greater importance to the authors of my birth, who vainly imagined it would insure me a splendid alliance; in short, on that prospect seemed to be placed the first wish of their hearts. The partiality they shewed me, and the little fondness they displayed towards my brothers, produced an unconquerable jealousy in their minds; and though, by a thousand little attentions, I endeavoured to insure their affection, I had not the good fortune to succeed: but they seemed to view me as a creature who had artfully supplanted them in the bosom of those to whose tenderness and solicitude they had a prior claim.

Though pride is generally considered as a failing attached to the higher order, yet I have frequently observed it operate upon those in the most humble state; and, unfortunately for me, my parents possessed this imperfection in a very high degree. My father, in particular, felt the powerful influence of this passion; and, to make use of a common expression, he was certainly above his trade; or, in other words, he would not be at the trouble of taking pains to oblige his customers, who, disgusted with the incivility of his manners, would frequently walk three or four miles to procure goods from another shop. Still, as there was no opponent in the town, in exactly the same way of business, necessity acted more powerfully than choice, and my father was generally

ly considered as a monied man. That my beauty would attract the attention of some man of fortune, was the constant theme of his discourse; and at seven years of age I was sent to a boarding-school, to render me calculated to sustain the elevated station I was to fill.

Docile in disposition, and eager for improvement, I became as great a favourite with my governess as I was at home; and as my brothers contrived to render that home very uncomfortable, I naturally imbibed a fondness for school. Never was woman more calculated for the office of instruction than the lady under whose care I was placed; and during the eight years I remained under her protection, time seemed to fly with the most rapid speed. The power of friendship had rendered school doubly delightful; for I had formed an attachment to a young lady about two years older than myself, with whom for the last three years I had spent the greater part of the vacations, as my parents were flattered by the attention I received.

Of the state of my father's affairs I was totally ignorant: from the generous supply of money which he gave me, I conceived them to be in the most prosperous train; but it proved to be either pride, or partiality, which prevented him from placing any boundary to my expense; and as I received lessons from all the different masters, my education alone must have cost him upwards of sixty pounds a year. At the age of fifteen I quitted this abode of happiness; but how dreadful was the change I was destined to endure! instead of deriving pleasure from the society of my parents, they seemed to have been formed with ideas wholly different to myself; and though my poor father was in perfect transports when I either played or sang to him, yet his taste was confined to hunting-songs or jigs.

For the first fortnight after my arrival, our little parlour was crowded with his different acquaintance, who

who were invited to hear me play upon the *pine-forté;* and though they thought it necessary to applaud the performer, I could perceive by their countenances, they thought my time had been mispent, and that it would have been much better occupied in assisting my mother in the management of her family, or my father in the business of the shop. It was in vain that I tried to render myself useful; I was as ignorant of all domestic occupations as a child just born; and this ignorance not only exposed me to the ridicule of my brothers, but was the means of blending ill-natured sarcasm with contempt.

Emily Woodstock, the beloved friend at whose house I had passed several vacations, completed my mortification, by informing me, her parents had consented to her spending a fortnight at B————d, which was the name of the place in which my family had resided for a number of years. My father was quite elated at this distinguished honor; but my mother, who was a plain sensible woman, foresaw the inconveniences which would occur from a young lady who had been accustomed to every species of elegance, paying a visit to persons in so inferior a state of life.

Various were the inconveniences which the family was put to, for the purpose of accommodating our illustrious guest: the best room in the house was filled with linen drapery articles; yet these were all removed to make way for a handsome new bed; and this unnecessary expense so exasperated my elder brother, that he declared his resolution of insulting my friend. Fortunately for me, two of them were apprenticed in London; and the other two were learning the farming business about six miles from the town; so that, except upon a Sunday, I was free from their persecutions; for they really seemed to have no enjoyment equal to that of insulting me.

At the appointed time, my friend made her appearance; and, to add to my vexation, accompanied by

by her brother, a very elegant young man, whose pointed attentions, during my last visit to his family, had excited a train of new ideas in my breast. Insinuating as were the manners of Henry Woodstock, yet pride was the predominant failing which he possessed; and I could not support the thought of being lowered in his opinion; in short, at the sight of him, it was with difficulty that I refrained from tears.

Though every thing had been arranged in the best order imaginable, Emily could scarcely conceal her surprise at the humble appearance of the house; for though she knew my father was a man of business, yet, from the sums lavished upon my education, she had supposed it had been merely in the wholesale. Henry, who certainly perceived my embarrassment, endeavoured to relieve it, by drawing his sister's attention to a little arbour of woodbines which presented itself to his view, in which, he told her, she would enjoy the fragrance of Arabia; then throwing open the window, he inhaled the perfume. My parents overwhelmed them with compliments for the very great honor conferred upon their girl; and, amiable as was the disposition of Emily, I saw it was with difficulty that she could restrain the ready smile. Dinner hour arrived: the table groaned with the weight of provisions; for my father thought it impossible to shew sufficient hospitality to his guests. But my mortification was not complete until my brother made his appearance with the brown holland sleeves and apron which he usually wore in the shop. "Why, Dick, (exclaimed my father, unable to conquer his indignation,) how *darest* you come in before such gentlefolks in that *there* plight? Get out of the room this instant, or I'll lay my stick about your back."

"It would be better if some folks minded the main chance as much as I do, instead of *finiking* themselves out at the glass; and if gentlefolks choose to come and visit shopkeepers, they don't expect to

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see them dressed up like a parcel of apes." As my brother made this reply, he drew his chair towards the table, unmindful of his father's commands, whose passion so far conquered the respect for the company, that he seized him by the collar, and turned him out of the room. This scene so completely overcame my feelings, that I burst into a flood of tears, which, instead of softening, increased my father's resentment, who vowed he would turn the ingrate out of his house; assuring his company, that Richard had been guilty of this piece of rudeness merely for the pleasure of mortifying me.

Henry Woodstock endeavoured to restore composure to the party, by assuring his entertainers, that he should do justice to their hospitable treat; provided your lovely daughter, (said he,) Mr. Clayton, does not take away my appetite, by seeing her affected by behaviour at which she ought to smile: for, by showing her unfeeling brother she is wounded by such conduct, she gratifies the first wish of his heart." Dinner was scarcely ended, (for the hour had been protracted in compliment to our guests,) when our little parlour was filled with visitors, who had been invited without my being made acquainted with the intent. Mortifications seemed to start afresh, like the heads of the hydra: our company, though selected from the most genteel of my mother's acquaintance, afforded Emily Woodstock ample scope for mirth; and had I not made too principal a performer in the ludicrous entertainment, I should have found as much difficulty as my friend to smother the ready laugh. They retired at an early hour; and, to my astonishment, Mr. Woodstock expressed his intention of sleeping at the inn; a circumstance which struck me as rather extraordinary, as he was not more than fifteen miles from home. By the easy good humour of his manners, he insensibly led my ideas from the various mortifications the day had produced; and, during a walk which we took after the company had depart-

ed, he endeavoured to laugh me out of that sensibility which was the bane of my peace. In this friendly exertion for my happiness, he was joined by his sister, who declared she should delight in associating with beings so different to any thing she had ever beheld. "Your father and mother (said the amiable girl) seem worthy good people; but you must not expect them to think or feel like yourself: the education they have bestowed upon you, my dear Charlotte, will always place you upon the footing of a gentlewoman; and I will implore my mother to let our house be your future home."

"Amiable Emily! (exclaimed her brother, pressing her hand to his lips,) this very idea I wished to communicate to my mother; but the proposal will have more weight from yourself." Before Henry Woodstock took leave, he informed my parents he was authorized by his own, to invite me to pass two or three months at Woodstock Lodge: this plan we agreed upon the preceding evening, as Emily knew her mother never refused a single request she made.

Tenderly as I loved my parents, and sensible as I was of their attachment to me, yet I felt a vacuum in their society for which I could not account: not a single thought, or sentiment, seemed to be in unison; and I felt like a creature isolated from the world. How deeply did I regret the expense I had occasioned them! which, instead of being productive of advantages to me, had engendered the seeds of discontent, and rendered me unfit for that station in which it was the ordination of Providence that I should live. Sometimes my aspiring thoughts would represent scenes in the perspective, which it was both dangerous and unprincipled to indulge; but there was so much tenderness and solicitude in the manners of Henry Woodstock when he addressed me, that it was impossible they could fail making an impression upon the heart.

A letter from Mrs. Woodstock, requesting my company, afforded both parents evident delight; and my

my father, in particular, congratulated himself upon the education he had bestowed on me, actually believing my fortune was made; for he considered Henry Woodstock as his intended son from the first moment he had beheld him, so much was he deceived by the natural softness of his address.

My unfeeling brother, a few days before my departure, took an opportunity of telling me, my father's affairs were in a deranged state, which he ascribed to his inattention to business, and the enormous sums he had lavished upon me. That his business had declined, alas! was too evident: another person, in the same line, had opened a shop at the other end of the town; and, by condescending and assiduous behaviour, had gained himself a number of friends. Still I could not believe that my father's affairs were embarrassed; I rather thought it an invention of my brother's for the purpose of tormenting me; but the fatal fact was proved about six months after I had left my family, by his name appearing in the Gazette.

I flew to my disconsolate parents the moment I was made acquainted with their misfortunes, and had the misery of finding my poor mother confined to her bed; for the stroke had come upon her so wholly unexpected, that it produced the most alarming effect upon her health. My brothers, instead of endeavouring to console their parents, shamefully accused them of having brought this affliction upon themselves, by lavishing sums upon my education which would have been a comfortable support in their old age.

My poor father was so prepossessed with the idea of my marrying Henry Woodstock, that he scarcely suffered himself to be depressed under the losses he had sustained; for, persuaded that, if affluence became my lot, the authors of my existence would share it with me, he seemed scarcely to be sensible of the alteration which had taken place. At the period

this misfortune happened, Henry Woodstock was at college; but, apprised of it by his sister, he hastened to the scene of distress, and, in the presence of my parents, generously made me an offer of his hand. Never was joy equal to that which my father experienced: he wept, from excess of happiness, like a child; but when, in positive terms, I rejected offered affluence, I feared the unexpected disappointment would have turned his brain.

It was in vain that I represented the inequality of our situations, or the prospects which I knew Mr. Woodstock entertained for his son; for Emily, upon discovering her brother's attachment towards me, had kindly made me acquainted with her father's views. "Have I not spent near a thousand pounds upon you, to make you a fit match for a gentleman? (enquired my deluded parent, with tears in his eyes;) and don't you know how to behave yourself as well as any Duchess? So what signifies talking about *distinctions*, and them *there* like things: the young Squire says he is ready to marry you, and that will be the saving of your poor old father's life."

"He knows my heart, (I replied,) in spite of the constraint I have endeavoured to put upon its feelings; but never will I be guilty of an act which would blast his hopes in life; or teach disobedience to a son who is the idol of his parents, to gratify a passion which, for months, I have been struggling against."

"Then you will doom the man you pretend to love to eternal misery, (exclaimed Henry,) merely to gratify a false notion of honor which you have imbibed. See, my adored girl, (continued he, taking out a license,) you have only to say yes, and your fate will be bound in mine."

At the sight of the license, my father became almost frantic. My poor debilitated mother was unable to speak; but her looks implored me to accept a proposal by which all their fortunes would be made.

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The precepts of my amiable governess, however, were too deeply impressed upon my imagination, for me to be guilty of an action which I knew she would condemn; for the moment she knew I was going to reside at Woodstock Lodge, she cautioned me against indulging a partiality for the too insinuating heir of that place; and, in the strongest terms, pointed out the crime I should be guilty of, if I encouraged the attentions of a young man in opposition to the wishes of his friends.

Partial as Emily Woodstock had been to me, yet, upon discovering the attachment of her brother, I could not help fancying I had lost the place I held in her heart; or, at least, that there was a coolness in her manner which I had never before observed. How, then, could I bear the idea of connecting myself with a family, who, in all probability, would be continually reminding me of my humble state? Or how could I support the thought of degrading the object of my affection, and, when the heat of passion had subsided, perhaps, become contemptible in his eyes?

Ideas of this nature armed me with resolution, and I repeatedly refused Henry Woodstock's hand, unless the offer of it was made under the sanction of his parents; though there was little probability of obtaining their consent. Hope, which had ever been the support of my father's happiness, did not even forsake him here; and he vainly flattered himself with the idea that Mr. Woodstock might be persuaded to consent to the match. At parting with Henry Woodstock, I felt as if I had resigned all earthly felicity; it seemed like separating the body from the soul! With him I appeared to have lost every creature who was capable of participating in my emotions; for, disappointed in his prospects of beholding me united to a man of fortune, my father's affection seemed turned to hate.

I wrote Emily a candid account of every circumstance which had happened, and received from her

an immediate reply, applauding my conduct in the strongest terms of panegyric; and informing me, that her parents were as sensible of the obligation they owed me as herself. Still there was a style of constraint in the letter, which convinced me that the professions of affection it contained, did not flow from the heart; indeed, the proof was too strong; for, though she was acquainted with the misfortune which had befallen my father, she never even enquired what future plan I intended to pursue.

To leave my mother on a bed of sickness was impossible. My elder brother, who had got a small prize in the lottery, set up in business for himself; and I retired with my parents to a small lodging at the extremity of the town. For nine months I had the misery of seeing my mother's disorder increase upon her; but at the end of that period she was released: during that time I received several letters from Henry Woodstock, but merely dictated in the style of a friend, offering pecuniary aid to my parents, and imploring me to let him be my banker if I was in distress.

How fervently did I bless the Almighty for having had resolution to reject an offer, which it was evident had been made in the heat of youthful desire! for, after our separation, he never even obliquely hinted that he regretted I had not acccepted his hand. Upon the death of my poor mother, I wrote to the only friend I could rely upon, informing her of my unprotected state, and intreating her to recommend me to some family as private governess, if she thought me equal to the important trust. The dear instructress of my youth, not only immediately replied to my letter, but at the same time inclosed me a ten pound note; informed me she had a sister residing in London, who would be happy to see me at her house; and advised me to put an advertisement into the paper, describing the situation I wished to obtain.

So delicate was the manner in which this kindness was conferred upon me, that the generous donor seemed

ed the person obliged. But for her assistance, I could not have adopted the plan she suggested, as my father had not a sufficiency to support himself; and was under the necessity of becoming assistant to the person who succeeded him in the shop.

The vicissitudes of fortune I could have borne with resignation; but Emily Woodstock's indifference cut me to the heart: the only consolation I had, was from the reflection, that the trials I was destined to encounter, had not been brought upon myself. Nature had endowed me with a susceptibility of disposition, which in any situation would have exposed me to pangs which the apathetic cannot conceive; but the education which had been bestowed upon me, by refining my ideas, rendered me tremblingly alive to every species of distress. How did I envy the cheerful gaiety of those born to similar stations, whose minds had never been taught to soar above that which they filled! who had acquired no artificial wants from indulgent gratifications, and whose insensibility defended them from a thousand distressing ills!

I lost no time in adopting the plan my friend suggested. A cordial welcome awaited me upon my arrival in town; and Mrs. Simpson (which was the name of my governess's sister) drew up an advertisement for me on the following day. Scarcely had it appeared, when I received a summons to wait upon a lady at Clapham in the afternoon; and as a thousand embarrassing fears suggested themselves, my hospitable protectress offered to accompany me there. The man who brought the letter, was one of those communicative characters, whose highest gratification consists in hearing themselves talk: and as Mrs. Simpson's servant's disposition bore some similarity to it, she contrived to make herself acquainted with all the family affairs. From her I discovered that the lady who required my services, had formerly lived in the capacity of cook-maid; but, upon the

death of her mistress, she had contrived to ingratiate herself so far into her master's good opinion, that, at the end of a twelvemonth, he made her his wife. Mr. Malaga, at this period, had amassed a large property; therefore the stewer of sturgeons stepped into a coach, and, like most persons raised from a low to an elevated station, the height which she had ascended, produced a sudden giddiness of the head.

Such was the account which Betty received from Mrs. Malaga's footman, who, to complete his narrative, informed her, his mistress had engaged four different governesses within the space of six months; "And though it is nothing to me, (continued the man,) yet I cannot help thinking it a pity that such a sweet-looking young lady should go *arter* such a place." The moment Mrs. Simpson heard this account, she coincided with the servant in opinion, and advised me to wait patiently a few days; but, as I could not bear the idea of being a burthen upon a stranger, whose income was contracted, I told her, very little dependance was to be placed upon the accounts which servants gave; and that, as I was convinced every dependant situation must have inconveniencies attached to it, my mind was prepared for the mortifications I might be destined to endure.

We accordingly took an early dinner, and were fortunate enough to meet with the Clapham stage, and were set down upon the Common at a very large handsome-looking house. The lady of the mansion happened to be at dinner. We were invited into an anté-room, through which the servants passed; and, from the number of dishes which were carried from the table, I concluded there was a large party of guests. Before the cloth was removed, the door leading to the dining-parlour was several times opened a little way; and I perceived two or three different faces peeping through the crevice, which so completely provoked my companion, that it was with difficulty I could persuade her to stay. She justly

justly observed, that children who were permitted to break through every rule of good breeding, would not be likely to submit to a governess's controul; and, even allowing that the servant's account had been exaggerated, they would be a disgrace instead of a credit to me. A summons from the higher powers did not admit of my making a reply to this observation; a sudden trembling seized my frame; I actually felt as much confusion as if I had been going to appear before a tribunal of justice, to hear sentence pronounced for some imputed crime.

The very countenance of Mrs. Malaga betrayed her humble origin; for, though certainly a handsome woman, vulgarity, and self-importance, were easily to be traced. "Well, young woman, (said she,) so you wants a situation; and I wants a governess: so I hope we shall agree, for I likes your looks. She is none of your up-start Misses, I can see in the twinkling of an eye," turning to her spouse.

Mr. Malaga's back had been towards me; but, upon this appeal to his judgment, he turned his unwieldly body round, and presented to my eyes a face scarcely human, which was disfigured by a large protuberance on one side of his nose.

"Sit down, Miss, in that there chair, (said he, pointing to one which stood opposite to him;) and you, too, Ma'am, (observing Mrs. Simpson stand.) Give Miss a glass of vind, my dearest love; for she seems a little *down arted:* and such vine as our's, I warrant, she don't often taste." "Ve ave the best of every thing, Ma'am, (continued he, addressing himself to Mrs. Simpson.) I warrant Miss will pick up her crumbs, if she comes to live with me." "What wages do you ax? and what can you teach my daughters?" enquired Mrs. Malaga, pouring out the wine.

My friend kindly undertook to specify the salary, and spoke of my abilities in the highest terms; at the same time producing a letter from her sister, which

which said more in my praise than I deserved. I had previously informed Mrs. Simpson, that I should be perfectly satisfied with thirty guineas a year: I could therefore scarcely refrain from expressing my astonishment, when I heard her demand double that sum. "Sixty guineas! (exclaimed the astonished grocer.) Why, that's more than I gives the head man in my shop! and yet he has the whole management of my business, and I could trust him with untold gold."

"I wish you would not interfere with what don't *consarn* you, Mr. Malaga, (retorted the lady, not in the most dulcet note:) what is a few pounds to a man of your property? and with such a character as Miss has brought with her, she has a right to hold up her head; and if she can teach all them outlandish things, why it will save you the expense of masters. So the matter is just as broad as it is long."

The outlandish qualifications to which she alluded, were French and Italian; both of which languages she requested to hear me speak. I therefore immediately addressed myself to the elder young lady, who appeared to be about fourteen. I might as well have accosted the master of the mansion; for no persuasion could induce my intended pupil to reply; and her mother, provoked at this proof of ignorance or obstinacy, unceremoniously gave her a violent slap upon the face. Miss Lucy, the second daughter, was then ordered to enter into conversation with me; and the dread of suffering a similar punishment, induced her to comply, which she did in terms so incorrect and ungrammatical, that I could scarcely comprehend what she meant.

Mrs. Simpson observed, that the young ladies appeared to have been shamefully neglected; to which Mrs. Malaga readily agreed; yet assured her, they had been under the care of a governess ever since the elder was five years of age. Satisfied as both parties appeared with my abilities, yet Mr. Malaga could

could not bear the thought of sixty guineas a year, until his lady fortunately enquired whether he should not like to hear me play upon the music, when the sound of the piano completely softened his soul; and he generously declared, money should not part us, even if I had demanded double the sum.

Every thing having been arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, Mrs. Simpson and myself took our leave; and it was agreed that I should become an inmate of the family on the following day. To describe all the trials and vexations I met with, would absolutely fill a volume. My pupils inherited all the failings of their papa and mamma: from the former, they learned to estimate every creature by the weight of their purses; yet from the latter they imbibed a fondness for expense. Sullen, obstinate, and unfeeling, it was impossible for mildness to obtain any power. They had been so long accustomed to have obedience enforced by the weight of their mother's hand, that not any of them paid the slightest attention to words. If, in the midst of our morning studies, any of Mrs. Malaga's numerous acquaintance happened to make a call, improvement was disregarded; and I received a summons to entertain them at the piano-forte. These repeated interruptions (as might have been expected) were productive of the most unpleasant effect; for my pupils perceiving their mother was more desirous of being entertained than of promoting their improvement, could not be induced to pay any attention to it themselves. Though I happened to obtain the good opinion both of the master and mistress of the family, yet there was a constant scene of jangling in the house; and, during the six months I remained in it, Mrs. Malaga had twice that number of different maids.

For some time previous to my forming the resolution of resigning the trust reposed in me, Mr. Malaga's behaviour had been extremely strange; for, whenever his wife was not present, he had disgusted

me

me with professions of regard and esteem; and had several times offered me presents of elegant trinkets, which I rejected with scorn. At length, however, it became impossible for me not to understand his real motive, which I threatened to expose to his wife; and finding my situation daily becoming more unpleasant, I resolved to impart it to my kind friend, who advised me instantly to leave the family, and again accept an asylum in her house.

As it was necessary to conceal the real cause of my intended departure from Mrs. Malaga, I pretended my father was dangerously indisposed; and so little did she suspect her husband's partiality, that she offered to wait for me six weeks or two months; and likewise made a promise that my salary should be continued the same as if I was in the house.

Never was joy greater than that which I experienced at quitting this scene of domestic strife; for, though I had never fallen under the lash of Mrs. Malaga's resentment, there was a succession of scolding and quarrelling from morning till night. I had not been many days at Mrs. Simpson's, when I was informed that Lady Selina Linton wanted a governess for an only child. I offered my services, which, after having been kept a fortnight in suspense, were accepted; and on the day after my arrival, the family set out for Wales.

If the coarseness of Mrs. Malaga's manners disgusted me, the refinement of her ladyship's sensibility was still a greater trial to endure; for so delicate were her nerves, or rather so affected were her feelings, that if any person spoke louder than a whisper, she appeared ready to expire; and so capricious was she in whatever concerned her daughter, that some new method of education was to be adopted every day. Never was a naturally amiable temper so completely spoiled by indulgence; I bore the name of governess without possessing the slightest power; and whole weeks frequently passed, without my pupil

pil receiving the slightest instruction, lest it should damp the natural gaiety of her disposition, or do an injury to her eyes.

Irksome as this situation was to me, yet I resolved to bear it without complaint; as I was fearful my character would be injured in the opinion of those I valued by a frequent change of place. At length, however, Lady Selina formed the resolution of placing her daughter under a French woman's care, as a perfect knowledge of that language was the only thing she thought essential; and, by having a person who could not speak any other, she thought it would be easily acquired. Again had I to seek for a home, and a maintenance. I had regularly remitted half of my salary to my father the moment it was received; for he could ill bear the mortifications which are inseparable from a dependent state, and had little more to rely upon than the produce of my exertions for the common necessaries of life.

Not to fatigue my readers by describing the various situations which I engaged in, I shall merely say, that out of the six different families, only one afforded me a comfortable home; but there, the master was overwhelmed with an unexpected calamity, brought on by the unsuspicious goodness of his heart. At length I resolved to offer my services to the amiable friend who had brought me up: they were readily accepted: but still I have my trials, as the head teacher seems to envy every mark of kindness I receive. Though there is nothing of the marvellous in my unvarnished history, yet I flatter myself, the relation of it may be attended with a good effect, and prevent those in humble station, from giving their children an education beyond that which Providence intended them to fill. Had I been brought up like a shopkeeper's daughter, I might now have been a happy wife and mother: but, though I have had two or three offers from reputable tradesmen, yet I could never bear the thought of entering into that state, as

I discovered that our tastes and ideas were so thoroughly opposite, that happiness must have been a stranger to my mind. Had Fate placed me upon a level with Henry Woodstock, then, indeed, I might have been blest; but the severest stroke I ever felt, was from the total neglect with which himself and sister treated me, after my refusal of his fortune and hand.

THE PLEASURES OF SOCIETY.

THE pleasures of Society, like pleasures of every other kind, must, to be pure and permanent, be temperate and discreet. While passion animates, and sensibility cherishes, reason must direct, and virtue be the object of our course. Those who search for happiness in a vague, desultory, and indiscriminate intercourse with the world; who imagine the palace of Pleasure to be surrounded by the gay, unthinking, and volatile part of the species; who conceive that the rays of all human delight beam from places of public festivity and resort; will, instead of lasting and satisfactory fruition, meet only with sorrowful disappointment. This mode of seeking society is not a rational indulgence of that natural passion which heaven, in its benevolence to man, has planted in the human heart; but merely a factitious desire, an habitual pruriency, produced by restless leisure, and encouraged by vanity and dissipation. SOCIAL HAPPINESS, true and essential social happiness, resides only in the bosom of LOVE, and in the arms of FRIENDSHIP; and can only be really enjoyed by congenial hearts, and kindred minds, in the domestic bowers of privacy and retirement. Affectionate intercourse produces an inexhaustible fund of delight: it is the perennial sunshine of the mind. Z.

THE

THE CANDIDATES.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY H***Y S******E.

" Fain would I climb, but fear to fall."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LIEUTENANT WORTHY.
CAPTAIN FRACAS.
RENTROLL, *a boorish Squire.*
FELIX Mc. LACKGRACE, *Servant to Captain Fracas.*
DIGGORY, *Servant to Rentroll.*

LOUISA, *Daughter to Lieutenant Worthy.*
LETTY, *her Maid.*
LANDLADY.

SCENE I.

Outside of LIEUTENANT WORTHY'S *House.*

Enter FELIX *and* LETTY.

Letty. I DID not think we should see you so soon again, Mr. Felix. Is your master the same sighing swain as ever?

Felix. Faith, there is not a woman between this and the Mogul Empire that is not dying for him.

Letty. And I suppose he is equally so for them.

Felix. Oh, no: when Love knocks for admittance at his breast, it's like the beating of a drum; makes a noise, but does no mischief.

Letty. But I think I have heard him talk in a different strain.

Felix. My master, Captain Fracas, happens, like me, to be a very modest man, and, true soldier-like, under-rates his abilities; for though he may capitulate, he never gives up the fort to be ransacked by the enemy.

Letty. But where did you get this polish in your manner?

Felix. Like any other gentleman's gentleman, by travelling, my jewel. I have made the tour of Europe, leaving out the few countries that lie o'the other side the water. I'll give you my master's reasons for leaving them out. "If I travel," says he, "to know the genius and power of our foreign neighbours, where can I learn that so well as in a London coffee-house? If to see the beauties of Nature, what equals the face of a country lass? And if to see the beauties of art, where are they seen thicker than in the streets of London?"

Letty. He! he! he! Well, and what do you think of this *Lunnun?*

Felix. Oh, its a hugeous rambling place, where you are jostled and tumbled together like potatoes in a bag. They never go to bed there at night, till the next morning.

Letty. Indeed! how is that?

Felix. The ladies, like lawyers, are glad to get rid of their color, to prevent them from blushing.

Letty. Well, I vow you are grown quite diverting, Mr. Felix. But I must go, for my young mistress will be wanting me. [*Exit.*

Felix. Now that is what my master calls a walking battery, and faith I have not seen such a one since I left Bullrudery. Oh, Love! Love! thou little bedlamite, how thou transforms mankind! Thou hast moulded my master to a very automaton: he knows no attraction but that of a pair of sparkling eyes; or pleasure, but in dangling at the elbow of a wench: he'll knock down the waiter, to get a smack at the lips of the bar-maid; or risk his neck over a wall, if he can lay himself at the feet of some amorous Phillis on the other side.—Oh, here he comes!

Enter CAPTAIN FRACAS.

Captain. I find myself once more on the spot where concentres all my earthly happiness: how vain was the

the attempt to repress each fond idea of the charming Louisa, when circumstances still conspired to remind me of her, and bid my bosom glow!

Felix. You must glow, indeed, when you rode across that bleak heath this morning, without taking any thing by the way to comfort you.

Captain. Well, but, Felix, I wanted to speak to you; I may want your assistance.

Felix. What may it be to do now, your Honor? Did you want to stand on my shoulders, to get into the lady's chamber? or do you wish me to deliver her a billy duck under the nose of her father?

Captain. Oh, this is idle talk.

Felix. Well, who may the lady be?

Captain. Oh, she's an angel.

Felix. Then I must own you have got into better company than usual. *(Aside.)* I hope this angel don't live far off?

Captain. She is the daughter of my host here. I feel the glow of gratitude for the assistance I received when I met with the accident which laid me under the necessity of remaining under her father's roof: but as my debilitated nerves recovered their natural tone, I found my heart had received a wound which no skill could remove.

Felix. Oh, then, your Honor, it's nothing of a campaign. We have got into the heart of the enemy's garrison; you have only to bribe the inhabitants within, while I draw a line of circumvallation without, and the fort is our own. But where do you intend to take the lady to?

Captain. You now, Felix, are alluding to my former follies; but I am thinking of marriage.

Felix. Marriage! Was it your Honor that spoke?

Captain. Don't you hear?

Felix. Yes: bu—bu—but—

Captain. Both gratitude and honor forbid any dishonorable advantage to be taken.

Felix. Lord! how can your Honor talk in such plebeian terms!—Gratitude! for the soul of me, I cannot conceive what a gentleman has to do with it. 'Tis exploded from all modern vocabularies; or, what is the same thing, the meaning is quite altered: and as to honor, you would not talk of that to a lady?

Captain. I am in no humour to jest now.

Felix. Faith, I am in the most serious mood imaginable: marriage is no trifling subject.

Captain. Well, leave me.—(*Exit* FELIX.)—My pride will not suffer me to think of an alliance with this girl; and yet, for its gratification, to involve an innocent creature in ruin, would lower me in the esteem of every virtuous mind. I must, however, determine to think of her no more, or to forget there is such a thing as honor in the world.

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHY.

Lieutenant. Good morning, Captain. How a soldier enjoys the tranquillity of the country! Retired at the eve of life, the comforts of his fireside revive his recollection of the dangers he has encountered to protect it; and his children remind him, that the liberty he transmits to them, his own arm has assisted to establish.

Captain. I have often, indeed, envied that man, however humble his situation in life, who, anxious for no other applause than that of self-approbation, enjoys in his own domestic circle, the supreme happiness of independence: yet there may be, Mr. Worthy, a secret cause of grief, which at times will pervade the lightest heart; a presentiment of future ill, that may cloud the brightest prospects.

Lieutenant. That the half of human ills are imaginary, I have always maintained: in a gloomy moment, we are at variance with the whole world, and thus our splenetic ideas counterbalance every other sensation; but a light heart will always combat such

ills, and youth certainly should not be the first to complain.

Captain. It is a common observation, that youth is a period when the troubles of life are but lightly felt: a young man naturally pictures to himself, scenes of future happiness; and when disappointments and troubles overtake him, he feels them keener than the man whose expectations are blunted by years, and who has experienced the futility of relying on human prospects.

Lieutenant. Well, well, be that as it may, I have endeavoured, through life, and I think it the wisest plan, to be as happy as circumstances would permit me; to laugh at the rubs of fate, and put on the best face when fortune frowned the most: thus I have often, in my necessity, obtained a dinner, because it was not known I wanted one. I have now retired here, to spend the remainder of my days in quiet: the only care I have now, is my daughter, who will shortly, I hope, be comfortably settled. A neighbouring 'Squire, a warm, substantial man, has made some proposals to me, and I expect him here to day to talk over the business.

Captain. And does your daughter approve of him?

Lieutenant. Husbands are such scarce valuable things now, Captain, that they are taken like gold, without weighing.

Captain. But matrimony is surely a thing which requires some consideration.

Lieutenant. Well, well, Captain, since you seem to take such an interest in her welfare, you shall go and talk to her yourself. Come, come along in.

[*Exeunt into the House.*

Enter RENTROLL *and* DIGGORY.

Rentroll. I tell you, Diggory, you are a fool, and know nothing about the matter. Dost think I hired thee to teach me how to act?

Diggory. Noa; you did hire I to act for you, while you came courting here to neighbour Worthy's.

Rentroll. Well, and I am to marry Miss next week; so I am come now to settle all matters ready.

Diggory. I do think she will soon settle your matters. Why she be only fit for a fine lady: she do think o'nothing but dancing, and singing; and such like matters o'that. There bees that Lunnun Squire a'teaching of her. The house bees full o'oratories and disconcerto's, and the like o'that.

Rentroll. Ah! but, Diggory, I'll make her act differently. Dost think I don't know how to guide a wife?

Diggory. Oh, Lord! to thwart a woman, bees just like putting our auld mare i'the middle o'the team; she never draws kindly, unless she takes the lead. Besides, I understand Miss is not at all taken with you.

Rentroll. What signifies that? Has not her father said I shall have her? Besides, I have smarted myself up a bit; and I does think I bees quite a taking figure now. Sprig, the barber, says, my hair bees quite in the Lunnun fashion: dost see how it stands, Diggory? just like furze upon a common.

Diggory. Ees, I think it bees a common indeed; for noa't good do e'er come out on't. *(Aside.)* Now when you comes to see Miss, what shall you say to her?

Rentroll. Say to her, you blockhead! Is it not the fashion to court a wife by proxy?

Diggory. Ees, and to live with them too, for matter o'that.

Rentroll. Come along into the house then, and don't stand sniggering there.—[*Exeunt into the House.*

SCENE II.

A Room in LIEUTENANT WORTHY'S *House.*

Enter CAPTAIN FRACAS *and* LOUISA.

Louisa. Now we in the country pass a sober, steady life; seldom in winter venture beyond our own hearth;

or

or in summer, behold other blossoms than those which surround our dwelling.

Captain. That, I believe, would but ill suit a town spirit: every place is delightful but home; all the morning running here, going there, laying in a stock of scandal to retail in the evening. Evening come, attend a ball or masquerade; such pushing, elbowing, and squeezing! Oh! so delightful! Don't you long to become a partaker in such pleasures?

Louisa. I feel little anxiety to become acquainted with what you term pleasures, which, at best, can only afford a trifling relaxation, even to a weak mind; but must be truly irksome to those who have any idea of domestic happiness.

Captain. Your opinion is one that meets with the approbation of the world, as it is called; but I believe there are few individuals who do not contradict it both by words and actions.

Louisa. I am not, Sir, solicitous about the opinion of the world, which is often as fickle as it is unjust: I cherish alone, those principles which are endeared by the approval of a parent, and which my own conscience tells me are just.

Captain. But are there no other principles you have imbibed besides what such sentimental phrases imply? Is not that bosom often occupied by a more favorite object?

Louisa. I am at a loss to guess your meaning.

Captain. Before I had said half as much to a town Miss, she would have guessed. *(Aside.)* I mean that softer impressions than those of rigid morality, have sometimes taken your attention.—Has love never—

Louisa. Oh, dear, yes, Sir; there is an overgrown Squire my father is to bring here this morning, whom they say I am in love with: but—

Captain. But the Squire is not the favored man, eh?

Louisa.

Louisa. You may suppose he is not a very agreeable one; having received most of his education in the stable, he appears only a fit companion for horses.

Captain. And is it such a man your father has selected for you through life? Surely he has left you at liberty to refuse him.

Louisa. He seems to be determined on the match.

Captain. By heavens 'twould be profanation to think of such a boor! when blessed with every accomplishment to add a grace to the most exalted sphere, thus to pass your days in obscurity, hid from the view of admiration, by the scenes of barbarity which surround you. If it is a crime to admire such excellence, I am truly criminal. Might I hope that indifference would not always keep that breast inanimate; that it sometimes might be heaved with a sigh for my welfare? Oh, speak; say I am not indifferent to you!

Louisa. If you will apply to my father, and——

Captain. Oh, let not the cold systematical example of age influence you; but let free love be the bond of our union, unrestrained by the formality of the world: thus we shall live independent of it. Come, Louisa, consent to crown my wishes. A conveyance waits.

Louisa. If this, Sir, is the regard you profess—

Captain. Oh, look not thus cruel; here will I kneel.

Louisa. Oh, pray, Sir, rise: here comes my father.

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHY *and* RENTROLL.

Lieutenant. Here, girl, I bring you a husband. Hold your head up; never look dashed; we'll have a merry time of it. You'll be the happiest wench in the whole county. She'll not want a face, Squire, when you're alone with her. Come, Captain, let us leave them together.

Rentroll. I beg the gentleman won't use any ceremony on my account. Miss and me have nothing particular to say. *Lieutenant.*

Lieutenant. Oh, come along; come along. *(To the Captain, and Exit.)*

Rentroll. They're off. If they call that Lunnun breeding, to invite people, and then leave them by themselves, I think it the most unmannerly breeding I ever saw.

Louisa. My lover seems musing; I suppose he's considering when he shall mow his seven-acre field.

Rentroll. She's a nice tit-bit too. Well, what must I say to her? Hem! hem! You see, Miss, that, that—

Louisa. Sir?

Rentroll. Ma'am?

Louisa. I thought you spoke, Sir.

Rentroll. Yes, but I don't know myself what I was going to say. *(Aside.)* Why—you—you—your father has a mind that you and I should run for the plate of matrimony together. As to myself, I have never yet been pitted, but I am allowed to go through my paces well; and if I run in a snaffle, and you don't ride restive, I think we shall pass through life tolerably easy together.

Louisa. Oh, you brute! [*Exit.*

Rentroll. What say you, Miss? think you we can start by next week? Why she won't speak. I am afraid she won't be always so silent. *(Aside.)* I was saying, Miss—*(Turns round.)*—Hey! what's she gone! Why this is being treated politely with a vengeance! I'll go to her father directly. Zounds! to be used thus, after giving up the best scenting morning we have had this season! I'm determined I'll quit the house. Here, Diggory!—

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHY.

Lieutenant. What's the matter, Mr. Rentroll?

Rentroll. Why, look ye, Mr. Worthy, I don't chuse to buy a horse for another man's use.

Lieutenant. I don't understand you.

Rentroll.

Rentroll. Why, I no sooner attempted to speak to her, than she was off.

Lieutenant. I hope my daughter has not behaved—

Rentroll. Behaved! Zounds! she's all manner of vicious tricks! I'd as soon think of winning the King's plate on an unbroke filly, as of going over the course of matrimony with her.

Lieutenant. But youth will certainly plead her excuse for a trivial fault.

Rentroll. Talk of that, while the sport was in full view, and the chace the closest, she changed, and left me at fault, without a scent to trace her by.

Lieutenant. I am extremely sorry my daughter should have behaved so.

Rentroll. Zounds! to want to pit me with such an ambling jade!

Lieutenant. Be calm, Mr. Rentroll; it is merely the result of bashfulness. Walk this way. I assure you, you have entirely mistaken her intentions. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FELIX *and* DIGGORY.

Felix. Come along, my dear, and I'll give you a drop of my own ale, that I drew out of the old codger's beer barrel.

Diggory. Ah, I donna mind if I take a sup with you.

Felix. That's right, my jewel. Felix Mc Lackgrace was never the lad to let half his mouth ask a refusal, while the other was desiring his friend to partake of his good cheer. There, sit down; and let us be comfortable a bit. So now give us the name of your lass.

Diggory. Lass!

Felix. Yes, lass; is not that English all the world over?

Diggory. Why then—Bet Bouncer.

Felix. Bet Bouncer! faith, it's a mouthful. I should like to have something as full always between my teeth. So, now, here's to Sheelah that was.

Diggory.

Diggory. What has she changed her neame?

Felix. That was the very thing she would be after; only I told her it would be spoiling a very pretty one; and that Mrs. Mc Lackgrace was not near so genteel as Miss Sheelah O'Callaghan. But now, poor Sheelah—thou art dead faith.

Diggory. Dead! wauns, I'd never drink to a dead wench.

Felix. A woman's good qualities, let me tell you, are not often found out till after her death: that of silence, I think, may be reckoned as one; at least I found it so with Sheelah.

Diggory. Indeed!

Felix. Why, does not every tomb-stone, man, tell you of more virtues in one poor dead body, than was ever known in a living one? Well, now, Diggory, shall we be friends? Faith, our masters are; for they are both in love with the same lady.

Diggory. Does that make 'em friends?

Felix. To be sure. What is a greater cause, than a man agreeing with me in opinion.

Diggory. Belike it may; but I'se never war in Lunnun.

Felix. Faith, it seems so, or you would have known that the modern mode of friendship, is to shew your regard only to one half of your friend; that is, to his wife.

Diggory. Then I'se assure you, I donna want any Lunnun friendship. [*Exit.*

Felix. Faith now the booby's off, and left me the ale to drink by myself.

Enter CAPTAIN FRACAS.

Captain. How unlucky, just at that critical moment, for that booby Squire to come in! Fate seems to cross me in every direction; yet she must, and shall, be mine. I'll—But can I think of deceiving her?

Felix.

Felix. Never bother yourself about that: a woman never sins with so little regard to conscience as when she's deceived; 'tis the screen under which she shelters her virtue; and a mighty comfortable one it is, let me tell you, to throw her own faults upon her lover's shoulders. But how has your Honor succeeded?

Captain. Oh, I have failed; she rejected my proposal.

Felix. Faith that comes as naturally first as rain before sun-shine: you but seem as indifferent; and if she finds you don't run away with her—

Captain. What then?

Felix. Why she will with you.

Captain. You seem to understand it.

Felix. Is it not the way of the world? If you want to borrow a shilling of your friend, and think to succeed, never let him know but that you have a guinea in your pocket!

Captain. You are, indeed, a fit match for the world. Well, I must e'en go and make another effort: my temper but ill brooks disappointment; obstructions only serve to encourage to a greater degree of perseverance. [*Exit.*

Felix. Faith, now, that Love is a most extraordinary being; a riddle which no one can explain, until matrimony explains it for him; and what are its fruits then? Why, faith, I never went quite so far yet as to experience the harvest. [*Exit.*

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHY *and* LOUISA.

Lieutenant. Will you have the Squire, I say; will you have him?

Louisa. My dear Sir, you know I have expressed my dislike to this match, therefore do not urge it farther.

Lieutenant. Zounds! you make me mad to hear you. Will not you be entirely your own mistress? Will he be ever at home to contradict or find fault

with you? What the Devil would a woman have more?

Louisa. I feel that with a man of Mr. Rentroll's disposition, I should be completely miserable. Pray do not, Sir, insist on my compliance.

Lieutenant. Your perverseness is so provoking, that it puts me out of all patience. When I have provided you a husband which any wench in England would jump at, for you to refuse him! I began to think that all my troubles in this life were at a close, but I find in you a fresh source.

Louisa. You would not wish me to be miserable.

Lieutenant. Miserable! Zounds! will marrying make you miserable? Who ever heard a girl talk in this way? Would you break your old father's heart? I tell you you shall have him; so prepare immediately to receive him. [*Exit.*

Louisa. Alas! what a situation I am in! Urged on the one hand by my father to this odious match, and on the other insulted by the Captain, who takes advantage of my partiality for him, and my present unprotected state. Ungenerous man! yet, if he should prove of a nobler nature, I think I should be induced to rely on his honor, and fly the misery that awaits me.

Enter CAPTAIN FRACAS.

Captain. I come, Louisa, to take my leave, and by absence, in some measure, to atone for my past conduct. Go, Louisa, submit to the will of a father, and be happy. I, alas! emerge once more into life, and amid its busy scenes, must endeavour to erase your image from my bosom: but happiness, I fear, will never more be an inmate there. I was once fondly led to hope, that you did not regard me with indifference; but now—the delusion is fled.

Louisa. If, Sir—

Enter FELIX.

Felix. Your Honour, the chaise is waiting.

Captain. I come.—*(Takes a Picture from his Bosom.)*—Will Louisa accept this? and when, at some future period, she looks upon it, she will remember it as the resemblance of a man who incautiously offended her; but whose greatest error was placing his affections where they met no return.

Louisa. What, Sir, would you have me do?

Captain. Fly with me, this instant, from the persecution which awaits you. *(He seizes her Hand, and leads her off.)*

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHY *and* RENTROLL.

Lieutenant. Well, I am happy, Mr. Rentroll, you are satisfied respecting my daughter's conduct: she is a little giddy, or so; but you will find in her those good qualities which will counterbalance any little error of her sex: and she would as soon die, as think of disobeying my commands.

Rentroll. Hope it may prove so, Master Worthy: hope it may prove so.

Lieutenant. And now I think there is nothing to delay the ceremony immediately taking place.

Enter DIGGORY.

Diggory. Oh, no, nothing, nothing; only they do say, the bride bee a necessary person in these matters, and—

Lieutenant. And what?

Diggory. Why, she bees just run off wi' that Lunnun Captain; that be all.

Lieutenant Run away! My daughter run away! Impossible.—Where?—When?

Diggory. Just let me set down a bit, and I'll let you know the long and the short of it. You do see,

as I war fetching a bit of a walk down the lane here, there comes a strange buzzing noise from behind some bushes; zoa I thought like I would make bold to listen; and as I was thinking what could be the meaning of it, there comes up a chaise full drive, and presently I sees Miss and the Squire. He talked to her, and kissed her; and she floundered, and tossed, a bit: but at last they both got in, and it drove off. Zoa I bees come to let you know.

Lieutenant. Then farewell happiness!—— [*Exit*

Rentroll. Diggory—

Diggory. Ees, I be here.

Rentroll. Had we not better turn homewards?

Diggory. Ees, I do think we had, indeed, now the bird be flitted.

Rentroll. W'ell go then.

Diggory. For sartain it bees that head of your's that frighted her.

Rentroll. My head!

Diggory. I donna mean the inside; for, Heaven bless you, that bees made of as harmless stuff as any Squire's in the land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Room in an Inn.—Enter LANDLADY *and* FELIX.

Felix. Hullabuboo! woman, what a sputtering you keep! Let me see what you have got in the house now.

Landlady. Aye, marry! there is not in the whole country such accommodations as at the Angel: all the gentry that travel north frequent it. Many's the good time, and oft, my good man used to say—*(Bell rings)*—Coming, coming! Ah, poor Mr. Kilderkin, he was a good husband to me; he never said wrong I did, or gave me an angry word in his life.

Felix. Poor Mr. Kilderkin!

Landlady. Many a long day is it since that time; I have hardly been able to keep my spirits up since his loss.

Felix. No faith; they seem all to have gone down your throat.

Landlady. Oh, here comes the lady; I must go, and bustle about, and get things ready.

Felix. Faith, now, we have arrived at our journey's end, e'er we have hardly begun it. By my soul, now, I think it would puzzle even a lawyer, to explain the clauses in a woman's conscience.

Enter CAPTAIN FRACAS *and* LOUISA.

Captain. But why stop here, Louisa? We are scarce out of sight of your father's dwelling.

Louisa. I feel unwell. I can go no further.

Captain. Do not, my dear creature, look so sad, and damp our joys by these idle fantasies. Come, cheer up.

Louisa. I will endeavour to behave better. But if, at some future period, you should observe a starting tear, perhaps occasioned by a recollection of this day, check not its harmless course: or, if a sigh should escape me—a sigh that shall seem to say, I once was happy—

Captain. Oh! why thus endeavour to cloud our bliss?

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHY.

Louisa. Ah! my father. *(Goes to embrace him.)*

Lieutenant. Stay, child. But I come not to upbraid. I am a weak old man. You, Sir, found us happy; happy in poverty and innocence: to our humble habitation you was always welcomed with cheerfulness; but how have you repaid my hospitality?

lity?—By seducing the affections of my daughter. Yet you seem not to enjoy your triumph.

Captain. I feel your censure just. Forgive, Sir, the uneasiness I have caused you, and a few hours shall remove it. I am a gay fellow, whose greatest error is a want of thought. Naturally fond of pleasure, I have scarce ever looked beyond its attainment, and have been continually in error. Will Louisa also forgive me, and permit me to add the title of husband to that of an affectionate lover?

Lieutenant. An honest repentance should always meet forgiveness. Take him, my child, and model your future life from the conclusion of this day. Think that, though the clouds of adversity may lower upon you for a time, remember, when the torrent bursts over your head, a calm may be expected.

Felix. Faith, now, that storm has often burst upon my head, but the Devil of any calm ever followed.

Captain. I feel the weight of your generosity, Mr. Worthy; and, in the serenity of the present moment, experience more real happiness, than the most fashionable follies have ever been able to afford me. Let a reformation of my conduct cancel my past errors, and prove this lesson to mankind; that splendor and gaiety are but poor substitutes for peace and happiness; and that those only make a true estimate of life, who weigh the blessings of a clear conscience, against the pain of a retrospective which presents follies alone to their view.

THE END.

CRAFT AND CRUELTY PREVAILING OVER JUSTICE.

[Continued from page 168.]

A DEMONIAC smile overspread the wretch's features as he placed the transcript of his malicious intentions in his pocket-book; and calling to the groom, he ordered his horse immediately to be saddled, and in a few minutes afterwards I saw him mount.

The first idea that struck me, was, to impart the contents of the letter to my benefactress; and I ran, or rather flew, towards the house with that intent; but, upon my entering the doors, one of the servants informed me, that her mistress was so ill as to be obliged to go to bed. Could I, then, bear to add to a disease which I believed to be *mental?* for indispositions of that nature too frequently occurred; and, previous to my going into the garden, I knew that Mr. and Mrs. Darnley had been having words.

Though this agent of Darnley's iniquity had the character of being a second Thwackum, yet particular directions had been given that I should be well used; therefore, upon a little mature reflection, I determined to confine the knowledge I had obtained within my own breast. Painful as this constraint was to me, I strictly adhered to the resolutions I had made; and though the secret often trembled upon my lips, when my benefactress was caressing me, yet I had firmness enough not to let it escape.

At the expiration of a month, the treacherous pedagogue made his appearance; and though I expected him at that period, my heart sickened at his sight; yet there was a plausibility in his manners, which would have excited confidence and affection, had I not been convinced there was deception in his smiles. I had seen but little of my kind friend from the

the time of my having found the letter; a fever, which the faculty thought infectious, had confined her to her bed; and though no very alarming symptoms attended it, yet for near three weeks I was not suffered to enter the room. As she had never even given me the most remote hint that I was to leave her, I could not help indulging the hope that the plan had been laid aside; but the moment she heard Heron was arrived, I was summoned to her apartment, for the purpose of hearing from her lips, my irrevocable fate.

It was in vain that I attempted to conceal my agitation. "Henry, (said she,) it is necessary that we part. I am incapable of attending to your education, and the cultivation of your mind requires a master's hand. Mr. Heron is a man of abilities." "But you told me, I should never go to his school," I exclaimed in a voice scarcely articulate, yet in a tone of reproach.

"I had a prejudice against him, I allow, (replied my benefactress;) but Mr. Darnley has convinced me it was unjust: in short, my dear boy, every thing is settled; and I am sorry to say, *go* you *must*."

"Mr. Darnley *hates* and *detests* me, (said I, in an impassioned accent;) and I would rather beg my bread than remain in his house, dearly as I love you, my only friend: yes, you are the only friend I have in the world. I know more than I dare tell; and I cannot bear the idea of being sent to Mr. Heron's school."

Never shall I forget the countenance of Mrs. Darnley, whilst I made a declaration which seemed to harrow up her soul. "Tell me all you know; hide nothing from me, (said she,) if you value your own existence, or wish to preserve mine."

My heart appeared ready to burst with conflicting passions; but I resolved the infernal plot should no longer be concealed; and my lips were already open to communicate the contents of the letter, when the door

opened,

opened, and the author of it appeared. Had I been detected in the commission of the blackest action, I could not have felt more confused; yet how frequently are the innocent condemned for displaying an embarrassment which merely proceeds from sensibility of heart! This proved the case in the present instance; and what was the effect of mortification and disappointment, was attributed to guilt; and even the amiable Mrs. Darnley was accused by her brutish husband, of encouraging me in wickedness and vice.

A flood of tears was all the notice which was taken of this allegation, at least whilst I remained in the room; and I received positive orders never to enter it again without the tyrant's leave.

About five o'clock on the following morning, the insidious Darnley entered my room, and, in a tone of voice to which I had never been accustomed, informed me, his friend Mr. Heron was compelled to return, as business of the utmost consequence required his immediate attendance at home. "However, (continued he,) perhaps it is as well there should be no leave taken; for Mrs. Darnley's spirits are dreadfully depressed. Come, arise; dress yourself as quick as possible; and there is a guinea, to buy gingerbread and cakes."

Though my heart was ready to break, I resolved to refrain from weeping; and I reluctantly obeyed a mandate which it would have been vain to dispute. Darnley remained in my chamber whilst I was dressing, and employed himself in putting my clothes in a box. Breakfast was upon the table, but I could not swallow a morsel. A post-chaise and four was waiting at the gate; and in the space of a few minutes I was hurried from the only being whom I had ever loved. A significant nod was interchanged between Heron and Darnley, as the latter closed the carriage door; and it appeared to me, that this silent signal conveyed some direful meaning; so completely were my spirits depressed. "We have no time

to

to lose," exclaimed my companion, throwing his body half out of the chaise. A crack of the whip set the animals in motion; and every object to which my eyes had been long accustomed soon vanished from their sight. We travelled with such amazing rapidity, that the very mountains by which we were surrounded actually appeared to move; but my ideas were so much absorbed by the contents of that fatal letter, that I seemed almost as insensible to the different objects as the machine in which we drove. My attention, however, was soon attracted by the magnificent view which presented itself. A sudden winding in the road at once disclosed the sea; and never shall I forget the impression made upon my imagination by the first glance I ever had of the ocean.

Though a total silence had prevailed between me and my companion, at the sight of this majestic element, I could not avoid expressing my surprise; and I might have said, with the immortal poet, "It suits the gloomy horrors of my soul." At a distance I beheld a variety of vessels. Heron instantly took out his glass; and, without deigning to make any reply to the questions I had asked, made use of the most violent expressions of resentment against the boys for not having made greater haste. We flew along the coast with a rapidity scarcely conceivable. At length we arrived at a hollowed rock, the extremity of which jutted into the sea; and at once formed an harbour for fishing boats, and an habitation for men employed in that trade.

An habitation for *men*, did I say? rather ought I to have used the appellation of *demons;* for such appeared the two wretches who came out of an arched cavity upon hearing the rattling of the chaise. "She has sailed these two hours! (they exclaimed,) and be d—d to you: but it is your fault, you know, and so down with your dust."

The

The disappointed Heron sprang from the carriage, and entered the cavern, followed by his two friends, leaving me to the indulgence of a thousand terrifying suggestions, to which his extraordinary conduct had given rise. In such a situation, moments appeared minutes; but, as near as it was possible to calculate, he returned in about half an hour, spoke in a low voice to the drivers, and, with a smiling countenance, re-entered the chaise. "We should have been at home in less than an hour, (said he,) had we been in time for the ferry-boat, which was the motive that urged me to make the fellows drive with such speed: however, what cannot be avoided, we must submit to with patience; and we must now travel all the way by land."

Opening the pocket of the chaise, he offered me some refreshments; and in the most soothing accents expressed a fear that I was ill; and painted the happiness I should enjoy from associating with boys of my own age; and at the vacation, returning to my benefactress again. This sudden change of manners struck me as extraordinary; but I resolved not to damp this apparent kindness, by coldness or reserve; and though I could not eat, yet I endeavoured to appear cheerful, and readily entered into discourse. Of the distance we travelled it was impossible for me to make any calculation, as we retraced great part of the road; but we did not arrive at my destined habitation until about four in the afternoon.

The house had once been a stately fabric; but the destroying power of Time was visible in every room; and the casement windows, and oak wainscotting, gave a gloominess to each apartment, which it would be difficult to describe. About fifty boys were assembled in the school-room, each of whom gazed upon me with curiosity. One amongst the number, greeted me in a tone of kindness which at once seemed to sooth my heart. As the dinner hour was long past, I was invited into the parlour. My new friend

friend addressed Mr. Heron by the appellation of Papa, and asked permission to attend me, assuring his father, he had performed his assigned task.

Pleased as I was with the manners of this boy, I could not help feeling sorry that he should have been Mr. Heron's son; for so strong was the antipathy I had to him, that I almost shuddered at the sound of his name. The scene to which I was introduced, was so completely new to me, that my mind imperceptibly became amused; but when I retired to rest, my thoughts naturally reverted to the extraordinary incidents the day had produced. Torn, as I had been, from the friend of my infancy, without even the secret satisfaction of bidding her adieu, so deeply were my feelings wounded by the cruelty of this conduct, that I could not reflect upon it without a torrent of tears. The image of my benefactress was at length banished from remembrance, by reflecting upon the singular conduct of the man under whose care I was placed; and when I contrasted his sullen silence during the first part of our journey, with his conciliating manners upon discovering the ferry-boat was gone, I found myself bewildered in a labyrinth of conjecture, which it was impossible for a youthful understanding to solve.

As my readers would derive but little entertainment from a description of the method pursued by Mr. Heron in the management of his school, I shall merely say, that, in point of abilities, he was doubtless calculated for the office; though he was more anxious to make himself feared than beloved. Towards me, however, he behaved with a degree of friendly mildness, which astonished, without exciting jealousy, in the rest of the boys; yet the indulgencies he bestowed upon me, instead of exciting gratitude, seemed rather to strengthen that antipathy which from the first interview I had felt. In proportion as my dislike to my master increased, his apparent regard for me strengthened: some mark of indulgence

indulgence I daily received. The attention I paid to his instructions, doubtless, deserved commendation; but there were several other boys, no less assiduous than myself, on whom he scarcely bestowed a word of approbation; whilst I was shown to every stranger as the most brilliant lad in the school.

By this mode of behaviour my vanity would have been flattered, had not the contents of that fatal letter been deeply impressed upon my mind; but, instead of the preference which was shown me exciting pleasurable sensations, it produced emotions more painful than language can describe. I considered myself as fostered by a viper, who was artfully watching for the moment when he could wound me unperceived; and, by inducing me to place implicit confidence in his friendship, afford him an opportunity of infusing his poisonous venom into my heart.

It was in vain that I endeavoured to conceal the aversion I felt towards him; it was evident to every boy in the school, each of whom expressed their astonishment at my disliking a being by whom I was indulged. That he was acting a deceptious part, I was certain; I fancied I could trace antipathy in his smiles; and what rendered him still more hateful to me, was the tyrannical authority he exercised over his son. Never were father and son of more opposite dispositions than the designing Heron and that ingenuous boy, whose noble nature revolted against every species of deception, and who deserved to have sprang from a far different stock. From my first entering the school, a kind of sympathetic emotion seemed to attach us. He was about two years older than myself; and the advantage he had of years, made me consider him as my protector, as well as my friend. Such a boy as Charles Heron, any father might have been proud of; but his unnatural parent seemed to view his expansive faculties with an envious eye; and, instead of endeavouring to cultivate a genius so promising, he took less pains with him

him than any boy in the school. Charles severely felt the disadvantages under which he labored; and, in the fulness of his heart, would frequently complain to me: for the slightest fault he was punished with a cruelty that would have disgraced a savage, and which must have hardened any boy that was not innately good.

I passed three months at school without hearing any intelligence of my friend and benefactress, whose image, during that period, was scarcely one hour banished from my mind; and my anxiety became so great, that my health suffered from it; but at length the joyful moment of breaking up arrived. A servant, whom I had never seen, was sent for me. From him I learnt, that his mistress was still confined; and that his master was on a journey, from which he was not expected to return for six weeks.

This intelligence at once pained and pleased me. I was so eager to behold my benefactress, that I could scarcely allow the horses time to bait; and what excited no small degree of astonishment was, that the journey did not seem half the distance it was when I went to school. This circumstance confirmed me in the opinion, that some plot had been planned against me on that memorable day; and it immediately struck me, that I was to have been sent to Africa, if the vessel which Heron hoped to have been in time for, had not sailed. From enquiries, I had discovered there was no ferry which could have conveyed us a nearer way to Heron's house; and I was now confirmed in the opinion, that I was to have been trepanned, instead of being sent to school.

I resolved, therefore, not only to acquaint Mrs. Darnley with my suspicions, but with the contents of that letter which had first given them rise; but when I beheld the change which sickness had produced upon her angelic countenance, I had not courage enough to mention what I feared might increase her complaint. Scarcely was she able even to hear me repeat a single lesson: her mind appeared oppressed

with an insupportable weight; and on the third day after my arrival, she was seized with a fit, which it was feared would have proved fatal to her life. Agony greater than mine, during this alarming paroxysm, it is impossible for the human mind to have endured; and, upon recovering her senses, and seeing me almost frantic with terror, she requested the nurse to leave us alone.

"Henry, (said she, pressing my hand to her bosom,) I have a long tale of sorrow to unfold, which it was my intention to have concealed from you until your understanding had been more matured; but the wretched state of my mind has destroyed my constitution, and I fear I have not many weeks to live. You are the child, my beloved Henry, of a sister, whose memory will be dear to this heart until it ceases to beat. Your father was a general officer, and Mr. Darnley's most intimate friend. From an unbounded confidence in your uncle's integrity, the fortune which you must inherit, was left under his controul, at least until you attain the age of manhood: but I advise you to apply to the Lord Chancellor, who will see you restored to your just right. Should I recover, of which I fear there is little probability, in spite of Mr. Darnley's objections, I will go to town. But, alas! my dear boy"——

As she said this, a second spasm seized her, and the powers of articulation totally failed. The physician, who had been sent for, at that moment entered the apartment, and I was hurried out. A messenger was soon afterwards dispatched for Mr. Darnley. The humane Doctor C—— invited me to his house; and I readily accepted the invitation, as he informed me it was not proper I should be in the room. This worthy man, who was the friend, as well as physician, to Mrs. Darnley, had always treated me with a peculiar degree of tenderness and regard; and I had frequently discovered, that I was the subject of their conversation, upon unexpectedly entering the room. With streaming eyes, and heart half

half broken, I implored him to tell me whether he thought my benefactress could live. "Your *aunt*, (said he,) my dear boy, is in a very precarious situation; and, unfortunately, the disease arises from the mind."

"You know then, Sir, whom I am, (I exclaimed with eagerness;) and, perhaps, can tell me why I was not suffered to call her *aunt?*" "I will be your friend whilst I live; but ask me no questions at the present moment," he replied, taking me affectionately by the hand. *(To be continued.)*

MAHOGANY.

THE difficulty of procuring mahogany, and other precious woods, and the consequent exorbitant prices demanded for the ordinary articles of family convenience, has occasioned the art of the chemist to be applied to a subject peculiarly calculated to promote domestic embellishment at a trifling expense. It has been contrived to render any species of wood of a close grain, so nearly to resemble mahogany in the texture, density, and polish, that the most accurate judges are incapable of distinguishing between this happy imitation and the native produce. The first operation, as now practised in France, is to plane the surface, so as to render it perfectly smooth; the wood is then to be rubbed with a solution of nitrous acid, which prepares it for the materials subsequently to be applied. Afterwards, one ounce and a half of dragon's blood, dissolved in a pint of spirits of wine, and one-third of that quantity of carbonate of soda, are to be mixed together, and filtered, and the liquid in this thin state is to be rubbed, or rather, laid upon the wood, with a soft brush. This process is repeated with very little alteration, and in a short interval afterwards, the wood possesses the external appearance we have described. When this application has been properly made, the surface will resemble an artificial mirror; but if the polish becomes less brilliant, by the use of a little cold drawn linseed oil, the wood will be restored to its former brilliancy. THE

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'As when declining autumn's sickly breath
Flings o'er the grove the yellow hue of death,
None mark the leaves as one by one they fall,
But grieve and wonder when they miss them all;
So, in this revel, each succeeding day
Stole from their banquet unobserv'd away;
Nor did they count each morning as it rose,
But started at the feast's lamented close.'

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'This

'This poem,' says Mr. Scott, in a short preliminary advertisement, 'is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which formerly prevailed on the borders of England and of Scotland. The inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament.' In the happiness of the author's choice of subject, and his peculiar talents and capability to adorn it, we entirely agree. *Critical Review.*

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Monthly Review.

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The imagination of Dr. Brown is strong, his feeling lively, and his taste elegant. Sometimes, indeed, he writes in a measure which seems to be his own, but which we cannot reduce to any rules of versification or harmony. Yet his ear does not seem to be naturally deficient, since, when he conforms to the established measures of our language, his verses are polished and harmonious. Sometimes, but not very frequently, his judgment is seduced to employ the unauthorized compounds of modern affectation; but in general his style is pure; strong through energy of thought, not stiffened by the buckram of art. His volumes have no prosaic introduction, preface, or advertisement, and very few notes. The dedication is in verse, addressed to the author's mother, and gives no mean specimen of his powers. *British Critic.*

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The principal part of this narrative, has, it seems, before appeared in the European Magazine; but it has such an air of authenticity, is written with so much vivacity, and communicates so many interesting anecdotes of the principal characters of the drama, that we are glad to see the whole collected in this form. We well remember Macklin, and have often been delighted with his forcible representations of Shylock, as well as of other characters. These memoirs appear to do him justice in his private as well as his theatrical exhibitions. *British Critic.*

Observations on the present State of the Highlands of Scotland, with a View of the Causes and probable Consequences of Emigration. By the Earl of Selkirk. 8vo. 6*s. Boards.*

We are happy to announce to our readers the publication of a work of considerable interest on the subject of Highland emigration. The noble author of the 'Observations' before us, possesses, on various accounts, high claims upon the attention of the public. He has long studied and deeply investigated the subject of which he treats; his means of information have been the most ample; and to these he appears to have brought a mind divested of prejudice, and open to the most free and dispassionate inquiry. Of the importance of giving to the world a correct representation of the present state of society in the Highlands of Scotland, and of suggesting the best plans of policy for its future regulation and improvement, every one who has turned his attention to the recent history of that country must be fully aware. And those whose more immediate connection with it has given them the opportunity of observing the evils arising from the difference of sentiment, and the unsettled state of opinions with regard to the changes which have for some time been taking place, will have reason to rejoice that an able and well-informed writer has employed his talents in investigating the real condition, and true interests, of its people; and in illustrating his views and enforcing his precepts by a history of his own recent experience. The exertions of the Earl of Selkirk, in behalf of his countrymen, are deserving of the highest commendation; and his conduct is the more honourable and meritorious, as the motives to it appear to have been those of the purest patriotism. *Critical Review.*

A Great Work described and recommended in a Sermon preached May 15, 1805, *at the Rev. Mr. Thorpe's Meeting-house,*

Meeting-house, before the Members of the Sunday School Union. By Jabez Bunting. 1*s.*

The subject of this sermon, the education of the children of the poor, by means of Sunday schools, is, perhaps, the most important of all the objects to which the public attention is at present directed. While the appearances are so few of any more effectual means being adopted, than the charitable and voluntary efforts of individuals to apply the few hours of one day in the week to the unspeakably great work of the education of the poor, we cannot too highly esteem the motives of those who are thus laudably employed, nor engage in a better service than by promoting their views. On this account the sermon before us, even were it much less entitled to critical approbation than it is, should have received our applause. We are happy to be able to say, that it is not only a warm and earnest recommendation of the benevolent and patriotic work, but one distinguished by many marks of good sense, and sound knowledge. The author modestly disclaims the pretension to novelty or ornament, and describes his object as being simply to animate the zeal of his hearers, and strengthen their purposes in the good undertaking; nor are his labours ill calculated to answer his purpose. The language is proper, simple, and unaffected; though not distinguished for strength or vivacity. *Literary Journal.*

A Tour through the British West Indies, in the Years 1802 *and* 1803, *giving a particular Account of the Bahama Islands. By Daniel M'Kinnen, Esq. Crown* 8*vo. pp.* 280. 5*s. Boards.*

It may be said of books as of men, that many are of a varied and unequal character, while a few are more uniform and consistent. The narrative which proceeds in an even tenor, may not always agitate, nor delight: but, if the matter be worthy of record, and the style and manner generally agreeable, we feel ourselves carried along with security and smoothness. If no glowing passage rouse our sensibility, no harsh contrast disturbs our repose. We confidently give our hand to our guide and companion, we lean on him by the way, and we part from him as if we could still linger in his presence. Such were the reflections with which we closed this unassuming volume. Without aspiring at the eloquence of a Raynal, or the extensive information and interesting painting of an Edwards, its author relates obvious facts and occurrences in a style more pleasing than strictly correct; and, while he allows good sense and sound judgment to hold the pen, he seems to write without pause or constraint. *Monthly Review.*

Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Historical, illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian. By Nathan

Nathan Drake, M. D. Author of Literary Hours, &c. Three Vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s.

These Essays are intended to accompany a new and splendid edition of those valuable papers which they profess to illustrate. From the character Dr. Drake has acquired as a very intelligent and entertaining writer, we took up the book with the expectation of meeting much information and much amusement from the perusal, and we laid it down with that expectation fully gratified. The plan which we lay before our readers, is well arranged, and the execution of it affords much opportunity for curious anecdote, and critical observation, of which Dr. Drake has judiciously availed himself

The work is divided into five parts, and these are subdivided into Essays. The first part consists of remarks on periodical writing, and on the state of manners and literature in the country, at the commencement of the Tatler. The second part comprehends every thing relative to the life, writings, and character, moral and literary, of Sir Richard Steele; and the third takes the same view of Addison. The fourth part gives biographical and critical sketches of the occasional correspondence of Steele and Addison; and the fifth examines the effects of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, on the taste, literature, and morals of the age.

Anti-jacobin Review.

Charms of Literature, consisting of an Assemblage of curious, scarce, and interesting Pieces, in Prose and Poetry, divided into pathetic, sentimental, harmonious, moral, and Gothic Subjects. Embellished with Engravings on Wood by Bewick. Third Edition. 3s. 6d.

It is no matter of surprise to us that this little volume should pass through three editions before it came to our hands; for it is a very convenient, cheap, and entertaining publication for young persons. It contains a great variety of matter, selected with proper attention to the intellectual faculties of young persons. The embellishments by Bewick are no important addition; indeed they are of very inferior execution. *British Critic.*

The History of the Anglo Saxons, from their first Appearance above the Elbe to the Norman Conquest. By Sharon Turner, F. S. A. Four Vols. 8vo. 1l. 13s. 6d.

When we reflect on the obscurity with which all history is involved in its beginnings; the paucity and conciseness of its early writers; the suspicious mediums of its occasional descent; and the frequency with which rational evidence and sober truth are sacrificed by later chroniclers to vanity, fiction, or exaggeration; we cannot but express our gratitude to any writer who may be careful

ful to investigate original sources for himself; and, by wading through the obscure monuments of former times, at once correct, enlarge, and embellish the knowledge of our early history. Mr. Turner has executed this important task with considerable judgment; and though the sources of knowledge from which he has drawn may not be always uncontaminated, we readily commend both his labour and his zeal. *British Critic.*

Drunken Barnaby's four Journeys to the North of England. 8vo. 7s.

We are much obliged to the anonymous re-publisher of this pleasant little book. Drunken Barnaby, whether he lived in 1634 or not, whether he wrote the English as well as Latin in this volume or not, was a very clever, humourous, jolly fellow; and we shall proceed to make our readers acquainted with his character by extracts from his Journal. We have only to premise, that we do not view him with the curiosity of antiquarians, but with the interest which every observer of human nature must take in the frolics of one who, like Falstaff, commends his *egaremens* by his wit, and, besides, adds the poignancy of classical allusion to his original strokes of humour. He is supposed to be the man of whom the old song says,

> Barnaby, Barnaby, thou'st been drinking,
> I can tell by thy nose, and thy eyes winking;
> Drunk at Richmond, drunk at Dover,
> Drunk at Newcastle, and drunk all over;
> Hey, Barnaby! take't for a warning,
> Be no more drunk, nor dry in a morning.'

Critical Review.

A Treatise on the Art of Bread-making, wherein the Mealing Trade, Assize Laws, and every Circumstance connected with the Art, are particularly examined. By A. Edlin. pp. 230. Small 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The art of bread-making, though intimately connected with the culinary art, on which numerous volumes have been published, has not hitherto been elucidated in a manner which the great importance of the subject evidently requires; and the voluminous and laborious works of our continental neighbours on this art are so theoretical and visionary, that they are only useful to admonish us how carefully we ought to examine every kind of information from that quarter. Indeed, the presumptuous affectation of profound knowledge, bold assertions, and suppositious speculations of Parmentier and Deyeux would excite a smile, did they not involve the dearest interests of humanity. Our author's work, how-

ever, is much more complete and practical, and embraces in a short compass the natural history and mode of cultivation of wheat; the mealing trade, or manner of preserving and grinding the different sorts of corn into flour; analysis and synthesis of wheat-flour and of yeast; theory of fermentation in the manufacture of bread; preparation of, and substitutes for, wheaten-flour and yeast; structure of a bake-house, and a view of the laws that regulate the assize of bread both in town and country; with five tables of the relative weight, assize, and prices of bread and flour: the whole adapted to the use of the farmer, the frugal house-wife, captains of ships, military men, travellers, and bakers. *Anti-jacobin Review.*

Light Reading at Leisure Hours; or, an Attempt to unite the proper Objects of Gaiety and Taste in exploring the various Sources of rational Pleasure, the fine Arts, Poetry, Sculpture, Painting, Music, Dancing, fashionable Pastime, Lives, Memoirs, Characters, Anecdotes, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. 5s.

We always take up a book having a long title page with suspicion, and remembering the old proverb, "that all is not gold that glistens." This publication professing the discussion of so great a variety of subjects, any one of which would have afforded ample exercise for the finest talents, excited a double portion of distrust. However, as it is not the duty of a critic to decide at first sight, we determined to travel through the volume, and are obliged to confess, that we have not often been more agreeably surprised and detained. We met with a great number of anecdotes perfectly new to us, and advise such of our readers as are fond of Light Reading, to make this book their companion in a post-chaise, or put it in possession of their parlour window. *British Critic.*

Sonnets and other Poems. To which are added, Tales in Prose. By Mrs. B. Finch. Foolscap 8vo. 4s.

This collection of sonnets and tales is addressed by a mother to her children. She deprecates the frowns of the critics with much becoming humility; we shall treat her with all due indulgence. The sonnets, which she informs us are written after the model of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, are not much inferior either in melody or meaning to those of her great model. Our authoress shews herself throughout a very learned botanist, and frequently subjoins in a foot-note the Linnæan name of the plant which she celebrates in the text. Of the prose pieces at the end, our fair readers may derive from the Myrtle-wood half an hour of very innocent amusement. *Literary Journal.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
27
17
JUN

WALKING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

Published Oct.r 1.st 1810 by Vernor Hood & Poultry

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

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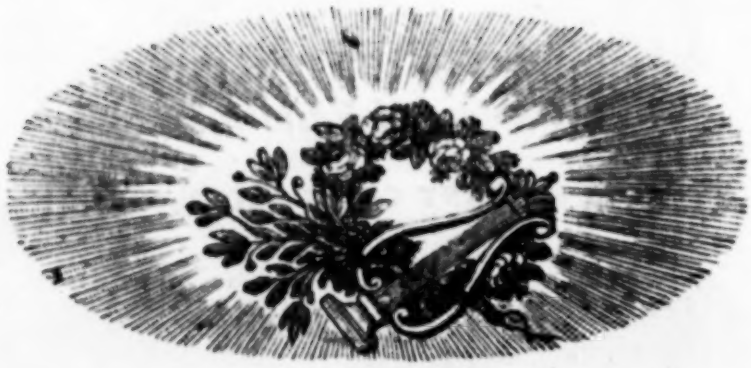

The Apollonian Wreath.

THE LADY OF ELFINGLEN.

[With an elegant Engraving.]

WHEN the cold North unlocks his store,
And fast descends the pelting rain,
And midnight hangs her deepest shade
Around the towers of Elfinglen,

Who has not heard a faltering step,
And mark'd a lady all in white,
High on the northern turret stand,
And brave the horrors of the night?

Ev'n now the shades of midnight fall,
And fast descends the pelting rain;
And the tempestuous whirlwind rocks
The battlements of Elfinglen.

Her faltering step dost thou not hear?
And dost thou not behold her stand?
'Tis she—the lady all in white,
The taper glimmering in her hand.

So stood she on the turret's height,
So her step falter'd on the floor,
What time her lord spurr'd his best steed,
O, spurr'd him to Culloden Moor!

Culloden Moor is red with blood—
Red with the current of the slain:
Call, call, thy mountain heroes round,
And wave thy banners, Elfinglen!

Craig Del. *Lester Sc.*

'Tis she, the Lady all in white,
The taper glimmering in her hand.

Page 228.

Published Oct 1. 1803 by Vernor and Hood, Poultry

BRITISH MUSEUM
27
17
JUN

From heathy hill, and forest deep,
The *Pibroch* calls the clans afar;
They leave their native solitudes,
And plunge into the thickest war.

The Highland sword is flaming bright,
A meteor on the darken'd plain;
Call all thy martial prowess forth,
And wave thy banners, Elfinglen!

Oft have thy country's boastful foes
Been taught thy vengeful wrath to feel:
Oft have they shunn'd thy warlike arm,
And fled before thy burnish'd steel.

The spirits of your fathers view,
They bend from yon ethereal plain:
O! wield thy trusty weapon, wield,
And wade to glory, Elfinglen!

Why do the elements contend?
Why do the Boreal whirlwinds sweep;
Drifting the everlasting snow
From mountain wild, and valley deep?

Yet, on the battlements sublime,
Still beauty braves the wind and rain;
And still, in Fancy's eye, pursues
Thy dancing crest from Elfinglen.

O! hie thee, Lady, to thy bower,
And God be with thee, Lady fair;
For nought avail'd the Highland sword,
That blaz'd with meteor gleam in air.

In vain he rais'd his nervous arm;
In vain his trusty clans combin'd;
And bade the *Pibroch* sound to war,
And gave their banners to the wind.

Well may'st thou wander up and down,
And thy step falter on the floor:
For never shall the chief return;
He perish'd on Culloden Moor.

This is the tale the stranger hears
On neighb'ring hill, and heath, and plain;
And this the Lady all in white,
Seen on the towers of Elfinglen.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT BURNS,

BY J. G. BAGSHAW, Esq.

OF THE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE MILITIA.

STAY thou, who near this hallow'd earth dost tread,
The humble mansion of the peaceful dead!
Pause—silent gaze—with Admiration's eye,
And greet departed genius with a sigh.
'Tis Burns!—who spurn'd the ignorance of art,
With Nature's eloquence entranc'd the heart,
Form'd in fair wreaths the flow'rs by Fancy giv'n,
And charm'd the soul with an ideal heaven!
Though proud the Muse her favorite to boast,
Yet still she mourns him thus untimely lost;
But hope can trace him through the dreary way,
And hail the bard in realms of brightest day.
Long may posterity admire his lays,
Whom Caledonia rear'd, and sound his praise:
Well may he prove the fav'rite of her youth,
Who wrote with freedom, but who wrote with truth,
Scorn'd titled Vice in plausive strains to scan,
And while he grac'd the Poet, was the *Man!*

Dumfries, North Britain.

PARODY.

IN this woe-woven world let me laugh while I may,
Mount on Pleasure's soft wings, and chase Sorrow away;
To the path of Despair may I ne'er be betray'd,
Nor live, like a cynical genius, in shade,
"With a soul-sicken'd sadness all changes to see;"
For the world, the wide world, still has pleasure for me.

"In cities, tho' wealth load the coffers of pride,"
And talents and sorrow be ever allied;
In my thatch-cover'd cot still shall virtue be priz'd;
And vice, though distinguish'd by title, despis'd.
Its splendour unenvied, I pitying see,
While my cot has a corner of comfort for me.

Ah! world, busy world, how I pleasure to trace
Nature's blessings, which hourly augment for thy race!
While Religion still points out the paths that ensnare,
While Hope's cheering beams soothe the soul of despair,
While our fleets rule the waves, and Old England is free,
The world, the wide world, will have pleasures for me.

Kingsland. J. M.

LINES

Addressed to a fugitive Red-Breast in Winter.

SWEET bird! that far, I ween, has sped
Thro' leafless wilds on gales unblest,
Scorn not beneath this humble shed,
Within a Poet's lodge to rest.

Not oft I hail the pilgrim's feet;
This lonely threshold few explore;
These portals, for the rich unmeet,
And, ah! uncheering to the poor.

But thou, whilst keen the wint'ry wind
Thro' many a whistling crevice blows,
Shalt deem the homely shelter kind,
That screens thee from surrounding snows.

No ruffian gaunt thou here shalt view,
Of human or of feline race;
Not e'en a rhyme to peace untrue
In thy unwarlike bard hath place.

Here shake the ice-drops from thy wing;
To rest those watchful eyes resign;
Whilst of the Teian bard I sing,
And muse on ancient lays divine.

The Teian bard, in happy hour,
So whisper'd to his faithful dove,
And fill'd the fragrant myrtle bower
With strains of rapture—strains of love.

But here no balmy zephyrs breathe,
No flowers this lonely roof invest;
The holly's bough its only wreath,
With berries rubious as thy breast.

But soon, my bird, yon cape of snow
From the green hill shall melt away,
Again the sunny banks shall glow,
Again unfold the buds of May.

Then wilt thou seek the violet's glade,
Thy brethren of the woods among,
And, haply, from the beechen shade
Delight me with thy careless song.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

SWEET Sleep! thou balmy comfort of the mind,
Shed thy oblivious poppies o'er my eyes;
Thy soothing solace let the wretched find;
For thou art welcome to the fool and wise.
Thy wand, sweet Morpheus! with a touch can lull,
And hush each anxious thought to calm repose;
Can make at once the trembling senses dull,
And chase reflection from the keenest woes.
When meagre Famine, and corroding Care,
(Those twin tormentors of the human heart,)
Make the sunk eye-balls like the maniac's glare,
Soothe them! O, soothe them with Lethean art!
Let tranquil peace my weary eye-lids shut,
And soft illusions to my mind be known;
These give a blessing to the beggar's hut,
Which oft is wanting to a Monarch's throne. S.

ANNA'S GRAVE.

BY J. G. BAGSHAW, ESQ.

Of the Nottinghamshire Militia.

I WANDER'D to the hallow'd shade
Where beauteous Anna lies,
Hung o'er her grave—in thought survey'd
Pale Death's too-lovely prize.

The turf around her relics grew;
And, scatter'd here and there,
Violets, of soft, celestial hue,
Appear'd to droop with care.

A flow'r, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
I pluck'd, and oft applied,
With rapture, to its destin'd place,
My lip—thus woo'd my bride:

Its taste, methought, was more than sweet,
And kindly did impart
Transports, that fondly seem'd to greet,
With fervid touch, my heart:

To Fancy's wrapt delirious eye,
It seem'd with life to glow,
To clasp my form, to heave a sigh,
Like her who dwelt below.

Ah, pleasing pain! ecstatic woe!
How was such influence given?
Unthinking mortal! not to know
The bliss was sent from heaven!

THE

THE SILENT BEAUTY.

WITH goodness, modesty, and sense;
Fair, elegant, and young;
Yet is Aurelia slighted :—' Whence ?'—
Alas !—she wants a—tongue.

Aug. 27th, 1805. O. P. Q.

LINES

Addressed to the Author of "Stanzas to my Grave."

I.

MARY ! why that gloom and sorrow ?
All the ills of life must brave ;
Hope points out a bright to-morrow,
Far beyond the silent grave.

II.

When to happier realms removed,
What will Friendship's tears avail ?
The bitter grief of those beloved
Never can thine ears assail.

III.

Trust hereafter thou shalt meet 'em
Where no grief will intervene,
With a holy welcome meet 'em
In those realms of joy serene.

MORTONIA.

SONNET TO THE IGNIS-FATUUS.

SHOULD the lone stranger, journeying through the vale,
When Night has spread her deepest shade around,
When not a single star, or moon-beam pale,
Lendeth its ray to cheer the gloom profound ;
If at such time, oppress'd and faint with toil,
Far from his home, he luckless chance to see
Thy *fatal light*, unconscious that its smile
Is fraught with direst perils, gladly he
Will hail thy treach'rous flame, and vainly think
'Twill prove some friendly guide : Alas ! full soon,
'Wilder'd and lost, beneath the river's brink,
Ah ! dreadful fate, he finds a watery tomb.
Through the long night, while soft her children sleep,
His faithful wife in vain will watch and weep.

Derby. T. B*****

ELEGIAC LINES,

Addressed to a Friend upon the Death of Twins; the one of whom died at the End of Three *and the other at the End of* Five *Weeks.*

AGAIN the solemn bell proclaims
A spotless spirit's flight;
Chilling the sound—yet God ordains,
And his decrees are right.

So would I have the parent feel,
Whose fond maternal breast
Had cherish'd Hope's illusive gleam,
And vainly said, "I'm blest!"

A meteor gleam, alas! it prov'd,
An ignis-fatuus light,
Which beam'd upon the babes she lov'd,
Then vanish'd into night!

Two fairer blossoms never blew;
Scarce did the buds expand,
When Death's keen arrow swiftly flew
From a too-well aim'd hand.

The tender victim of his pow'r
Tortur'd with anguish lay;
But soon the with'ring, blighted flow'r
Blossom'd in endless day!

Nature within the parent's breast
Announc'd her pangs with sighs;
Yet still with one dear infant blest,
Her pray'rs ascend the skies!

Ascend—but, ah! 'twas Heav'n's decree
Two Seraphs should appear.
From earthly sorrows both are free,
Then check the trembling tear!

For, dear Louisa, who shall dare
Dispute the will of Heav'n?
Rather implore thy God to spare
The child that first was giv'n.

Call in *Religion* to thy aid;
Her sweet consoling pow'r,
Like oil upon the ocean laid,
Will soothe Affliction's hour.

When

When Fate shall issue her commands,
And Death shall summon thee,
Amidst the pure angelic band
Thy seraph'd babes thou'lt see.

Oh, bliss ecstatic! thought sublime!
And soothing to the heart,
That in that bright ethereal clime
Thou'lt meet them—ne'er to part!

There Sorrow's pangs will ne'er assail;
There joys incessant flow
From a pure source, which cannot fail—
For God is good—we know.

July 22. M. P.

ROGER AND KATE.

YOUNG Roger so ardent lov'd Kate of the Mill,
And in her concenter'd saw every blessing;
But strive all he could, his tongue it stood still
Whenever he thought of his charmer addressing.

With gate now in hand her arrival he waits,
As over the pathway her feet nimbly tread;
The wild thrill of rapture his bosom elates;
She gently curtsies, and he nods his head.

Thus oft her dear image he meets in his way,
And oft he advances to pay his addresses;
And his eyes, when in vain his tongue makes the essay,
The whole of his passion unto her confesses.

Now married, they laugh at these idle alarms,
And each storm of life they contrive still to weather;
For Roger finds heaven in Kitty's dear arms,
And they both bless the day that first brought them together.

H****Y S*******E.

VERSES,

Addressed to Miss M——n.

I.

OFT, when I've seen thy youthful feet
Hasten to offer pure devotion,
In robe of innocence dress'd sweet,
(True emblem of thy heart's emotion,)
And countenance as full of joy
As sportive nymphs, who live so cheerly,
I've on thee gaz'd like raptur'd boy,
And thought that I could—*love thee dearly.*

II.

Thy lovely form, which sure was cast
In the most perfect mould of Nature,
And spotless mind, (Oh, to the last
May't be divine in ev'ry feature!)
Made me to sigh in heaviness;
And in my breast to think sincerely,
If I could thee but once possess,
I'd love thee; aye, and—*very dearly.*

III.

Oh, could I boast an early prime!
Had summers told but five-and-twenty;
And could with thee beguile the time,
Indulge fond hope, and peaceful plenty;
My happiness, if not complete,
Nothing to it could come more nearly;
And, in some peaceful, calm retreat,
I'd love thee then, and, ah!—*how dearly!*

IV.

Tho' Fortune frown'd, and on my head
The sad effects of her displeasure
Did in too liberal plenty shed,
And robb'd me of all worldly treasure;
If thou didst soothe me with thy love,
(Tho' in my eye the drops stood pearly,)
'Twould heal like balm from Heaven above,
And make me love thee; Oh,—*how dearly!*

M——. T——.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

On his Return from India.

RESTOR'D to our desiring eyes,
Amid the pleasures you infuse,
Let my glad thoughts in numbers rise,
And bring a welcome from the Muse.

As yet a mother's fondest love
Prints on thy cheek its tender seal;
Her eager eyes unweary'd rove,
Till tears her inward transports tell.

Ere the dread ocean safe resign'd
The dear restorer of her ease,
She trembled at the gentle wind,
And chid the whisper of the breeze.

Thy sire, with close enfolding arms,
Receives thee in his warm embrace,
Pleas'd to behold her softer charms
Resembled in thy manly face.

Lo! where his younger hope appears,
(Bless, heav'n, the dear, deserving youth!)
Companion of thy growing years,
And partner of thy early youth.

A useful life, a virtuous name,
Shall kindly bless the ripen'd pair,
Prolong their date, advance their fame,
And crown the happy parents' care.

A.

CHARADE.

MY First in part of Europe's us'd
To note nobility;
In France it plainly does denote
What most are pleas'd to see.

The miser's gold would scarce be safe
Without my Second's aid,
Freedom and life 't can give to those
In dreary dungeons laid.

My Whole, tho' ragged oft, and poor,
Nor thought worth pains or care,
Is grown—O enviable state!—
A fav'rite with the fair.

CHARADE.

WITHOUT my First, the choicest flowers
That deck the verdant vale,
To please the fancy have no powers,
Or scent the gentle gale.

I'm ever known to flee the place
Where smoke o'erwhelms each part;
Yet I am copied on each face;
Thus Nature's chas'd by art.

If nymphs would quit the sickly town,
And leave each art behind;
Becoming to my Second known,
They soon my first would find.

Together they produce the name
Of one whose beauteous lines
Are enter'd on the rolls of Fame,
Whose verse each thought refines.

H***y S*******E.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Unborn Infant.

Correspondence, &c.

"Lines, at the Request of a Lady," *might have passed off pretty well fifty years ago; they are not unmusical; but it is now rather out of date, to mistake a pretty woman, seen at a distance, for Venus; and then, on a nearer approach, observing the nosegay on her bosom, to mistake again, and think it was Flora; and then to be mistaken again, and discover that the roses and lilies were not in the nosegay, but in her cheeks; and, after all this mistaking, to be mistaken once more, for the odour which was at first imagined to arise from honeysuckles, was found at last to be from her breath, &c.*

If Clementina *will send a specimen of the kind she proposes, all due attention shall be paid to it.*